

The Rutland Herald.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER ONE AND INSUPERABLE."—JEFFERSON.

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POETRY.

From the New Yorker

THE CITY OF THE DEAD!

BY MISS EMILY JACKSON.

Sleep not! sleep not! thou'rt beautiful,
Thou city of the dead!
When night o'er all the shadowy earth
Her silvery wings have spread;
A voice from thy old tomb comes near,
And whispers to my heart,
When summer winds and flowers have passed,
That I, too, must depart.
And I would rest, sweet city,
With those who have passed away,
At the time of summer song and flowers
In childhood's sunny day;
I would rest beneath thy summer vines,
Or by some garden tree,
When the night-wind's breath could soothe me
With its whispering melody.
I would pass away with sunshine,
With the Summer's laughing train,
As young flowers pass from the sunny earth
To Autumn's chilly reign;
I would go when with thy vine-clad domes,
The early flowers appear,
That the laughing sunshine long might rest
Upon my lowly bier.
Gently, sweet city! gently,
The silver moonbeams fall,
Upon thy marble monuments,
And the old ivy wall;
And faintly 'neath those beams I trace
Some name to memory dear,
And the bright sleeper whispers me,
"Thou must be written here!"
Tread lightly! oh! tread lightly,
Above the quiet dead!
Crush not a vine nor tender flower
Beneath thy angry tread!
Breathe not a low dissuasive tone,
Upon the night-wind's breath,
Hilly and pure, and best are they,
Who sleep the sleep of death.

Miscellany.

From the Carpet.

LESBIA: OR THE DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

BY THE MILDRED BARD.

Oh! that men should put an enemy into
Their mouths to steal away their brains.
Shakespeare.

CONCLUDED.

Several weeks passed away, and the gentle Lesbia enjoyed uninterrupted happiness. She congratulated herself that she had indeed accomplished what she had so long desired to accomplish. She rejoiced that her husband had extricated himself from the clutches of a demon, that Hercules had slain the Lernean serpent, and struggled Anteus. — But alas! how often vain are human hopes; how transitory human bliss! Roland began occasionally to remain late at night from home, and to rise before his usual time in the morning. Again Lesbia's fears were renewed, and again she recalled the omen of the dead bird. She looked at a large cage containing a canary bird, which hung against the wall, and sighed. The bird which had been singing, stopped, and seemed to look wistfully at her. It may have been fancy, for we are most superstitious when most distressed. Though Lesbia had enjoyed happiness at the prospect of her husband's restoration, yet it was not unalloyed; for though her father had established him in business, he had not forgiven her, and had never entered her house. She was now doubly wretched: for she could plainly see, she imagined, an alteration in the looks of Roland, and believed that he arose early, that he might go unseen to the tavern.

"Oh! horrible," cried he, one morning, "is a life of dissipation! I am the most miserable wretch living."
"Ah! Roland," exclaimed his forbearing and despairing wife, "you promised that you would drink no more. Why did you not continue to regard your pledge, as you did for some weeks?"
"Oh! God," he exclaimed, while he trembled from head to foot, "I have not only broke my most solemn word, but I have imposed upon the best of wives. When I promised you, I did cease to drink distilled spirits, but drank beer. After a time, I tasted wine, and becoming excited by it, I took a glass of brandy! From that hour I have been a wretched man. From the hour I went to the gaming table; and oh! I tell you the truth!" exclaimed the infuriated man, shouting at the top of his voice, while on his countenance, despair and remorse were depicted: "I am a beggar! I am a ruined man; for I have gambled away every dollar I am worth in the world. This house alone remains of all I possessed. Hell itself is too good for such a wretch as I!"

The unhappy Lesbia heard not his last words, for she had fainted and fallen on the floor. Roland reeled from the house to a grog shop, and there drank, to drown the horrors of his conscience. No longer did he recover to feel the acute stings of remorse, then he again gulped down the liquid poison, and forgot, in insensibility, his own wretchedness, and the misery of her whom he had enticed from a happy home, and whose parents who now looked upon her as an outcast, and an alien from their hearts.

The news soon spread abroad, that Roland was a ruined man, and his step-father went to the store to examine into his affairs. Nearly every thing had been carried off to the different auction rooms, and sold to supply the means of indulging in drinking and gaming. Roland was in debt some thousands, for goods bought of a house in Pearl street. The partners came upon him with the threat of a prison; and he now awoke to his wretched situation.

To a man thus addicted to the vices of drinking and gambling, a prison is doubly terrific, for there, there within its gloomy walls, they cannot be indulged. He went home on Tuesday, in an agony, to his no less agonized wife. She had not seen him since the Friday before, and his very looks alarmed her, and she involuntarily shrank from him, as from a loathsome and polluted being. His face was bloated like a bladder filled with wind; his eyes red and swollen, and his whole appearance wild and haggard. The fond confiding Lesbia, could scarcely recognize in him the once gay and gallant officer, the once noble and talented Roland, who in earlier days had won her heart's fond devotion, and made her feel the luxury of love's first dream. She could scarcely persuade herself, that he once bowed down at the shrine of her youthful beauty, the acknowledged and the favored votary, ere care had set a seal upon her brow, and ere sorrow had withered up the freshness of her heart. — It is to be lamented, that men of the most generous hearts, and that men of the finest and most brilliant talents, are generally inclined to the vice and habit of drinking. How many exalted intellects have been blasted; how many generous hearts have been blighted by that greatest curse that man ever entailed upon himself.

Lesbia, however, still clung to him, with that undying devotion, for which woman has been celebrated in every age and country. She clung to him as the vine still clings to the ivy oak, which has been rent and riven by the lightning of Heaven, willing to bind up his shattered frame, and shield him from the keen blasts of adversity, and the scorn of a cold, unfeeling world. All night he tossed upon his pillow, like a bark stranded upon a rock, and dreamt of fortunes won and lost; of tears, remorse, and suicide. The spectre of injured innocence, heart-broken, and despairing beneath a parent's curse, stood before him in his disturbed sleep; her hair dishevelled with grief, and her eyes streaming with tears. Again he fancied himself a convict in prison, chained to a filthy floor, and dying like Tantalus, with thirst, while the brimming cup continually eluded his grasp; and again he saw his unhappy wife and child in rags, begging through the streets a scanty subsistence — he saw her at her father's door, pleading for admission to that once happy home, from which he had enticed her — he saw her imploring, with streaming eyes, a morsel for her famished child, and oh! he saw her rudely repelled from the presence of those parents who once idolized with a devotion due only to perfection; and he awoke, struggling with emotions too painful to be endured. He arose in the morning, sick even to death, and trembling from head to foot as with the palsy. A vague fear of sudden death pervaded his mind, and a wild expression alone gave animation to his dead and blood-shot eyes. He started with fear from the sudden glimpse of a shadow, or from hearing an unusual sound, and his diseased imagination transformed the common appearance of things into spectral shapes, and unearthly features. He was suffering some of the horrors of intemperance, yet he was only verging on the horrors of mania a potu. He could scarcely take time to clothe himself, ere he tore himself from the arms of his wife, disregarding her entreaties to stay, and fled to those shops where ruin is sold to thousands of infatuated beings. The effect of liquor had destroyed his appetite, and he ate nothing during whole days, nay weeks at a time. He next went to the house to which he was indebted, and sold the building in which he lived, for half the value, for the sake of a few hundreds which were his over the amount he owed. With this in his pocket, he shunned the home where mourned the lovely young bride, whose heart he won and made wretched, and took up his abode with a wretched female, who cherished him, only that she might rob him of the last dollar he possessed. Here he drank and gambled, while Lesbia was actually suffering for the necessities of life, yet keeping from the world a knowledge of her hopeless condition, and the base abandonment of her husband. She, however, discovered his retreat, and at night went and implored him to return. The guilty wretch who harbored him, drove her from the house, and weeping she returned to the cradle of her poor fatherless child. As she sat meditating upon her miserable condition, she cast her eye up at the cage, and saw the poor canary bird lying upon its back quivering in death. She arose, took it in her hand and attempted to feed it with the last bread she possessed, but it was in vain, for a few minutes it expired, the victim of hunger. In the midst of her sorrows it had been forgotten.

The next day came, and Lesbia was under the necessity of passing a gold ring, given to her by Roland at the time of her marriage. She thus obtained bread, which lasted some days. In the meantime all that was in the house was seized for Roland's debts, not leaving her even the cradle in which slumbered her infant. Thus was she reduced to the last verge of human endurance. What a change had three short years made in her condition! Then she enjoyed every luxury and happiness in her father's house; now she was abandoned by a drunken wretch, who had promised in marriage to love and protect her; she was suffering all the privations of poverty, with a sick child, without bread, without wood, without sufficient clothing in an inclement season, and without money to buy. The news spread through the neighborhood, that a lady who had seen better days, was suffering for the common necessities of life. One morning a gentleman and lady, richly attired, entered and inquired if they could be of service to her in her distress. At the first glance she recognized in the gentleman a former suitor, who three or four years before, solicited her hand and had been rejected. — But long suffering and hardship had so altered the once beautiful Lesbia, that Mr Smith did not recognize in her, the angelic being at whose feet he had once bowed down, and for whose smiles and favor he would have given worlds. She was now dressed in a coarse calico gown, which in the eyes of Smith, but ill-suited the symmetrical form which he had so often seen arrayed in the richest products of India's loom. In a modest manner, Lesbia made herself known, and in tears related the sad tale of all her own miseries, sedulously avoiding the errors of her unhappy husband, who was at that moment bestowing his affections upon a polluted and miserable creature. Mr Smith, when he had conversed awhile, arose, silently pressed her hand, and departed with his wife, who had once been the asso-

ciate of Lesbia at a boarding school up the Hudson. Her mind now reverted to those scenes, and the happy hours she had spent with Caroline Flowers, now the wife of Smith, and whose memory rambled through the sunny spots of the past, the tears of regret stole down her pale cheeks, and a deep sigh broke from her bosom. She could not bear the retrospection, and rising to look for food for the child, her eyes fell upon a five dollar note, which Mr S. had laid upon the table as he left the room.
"Heaven bless the generous man!" exclaimed she, filling upon her knees, and lifting her dark eyes, streaming with tears to heaven, "my child, we shall not starve yet."

Thus did this once favored, and now unfortunate woman, make out a miserable existence, dependent upon the land of charity for support. Her parents lived far from her in another part of the city, and never visited her. Oh, ye who were born in the lap of luxury; ye who dwell in pomp and pride, ye know not the agonies which poverty brings to those whom fortune has forsaken! Of all poverty, that is the worst which has sprung from former abundance and luxury; of all conditions, it is the most painful and humiliating.

It was about a month after this, that Lesbia was sitting at night with her child, hovering over a few coals, when a knock was heard at the door. Supposing it to be some charitable individual, she arose and opened it, when, to her astonishment, Roland staggered into the room, in search of plunder, his money having been all squandered. Seeing that all the furniture had been removed, he inquired in a stern tone where it was. The heart of Lesbia was full; her affection for Roland was not changed, and as she rushed forward to throw her arms round his neck, he struck her a blow that felled her to the floor. The child screamed, and seeing blood flow profusely, and hearing Lesbia cry, in a mournful voice — "Oh! Roland, you have killed me," he fled back to the wretched hovel at the Five Points from whence he came. It was past midnight when Lesbia came to her senses. She was lying upon the cold floor, the blood clotted over her face and form, and the child lying upon its bleeding mother's bosom. She arose, and after cleaning herself from her own gore, she spread her scanty bed and retired, not to rest, but to weep and sigh over the recollection of her wrongs, and the errors of her misguided and miserable husband.

The next week, the owner of the house ordered her to leave it within ten days, as it had been rented. Lesbia, though a woman of firm mind, now turned pale, and a sickness came over her, for she had no friends. Whither could she fly? Where apply for succor? The last of the ten days arrived, and it was a cold snowy day in February, the wind blowing a hurricane from the northeast. On such a day, she found herself half naked in the streets, with an old pair of shoes that leaked like a sieve. She wandered up and down the streets, without knowing whither to go, while the tears froze as they fell. Oh, who can imagine the sorrows that filled the heart of that amiable and unfortunate woman! Her agony was heightened by the recollection that she had married against the will of her parents, and had been warned of her fate.

The day was far spent, when cold and hungry, she bent her steps toward her father's house, that once happy home in which she spent her childhood and the bright morning of her existence. That pride which had hitherto supported her, gave way when she heard the piercing cries of her child for food. The last rays of daylight were gradually sinking in night, when covered with snow, and shivering, she set her foot upon the steps of her father's large and luxurious mansion. A cheerful fire was burning in the parlor, and throwing its bright rays against the painted walls, which she could see from without. She feebly knocked at the door, and her grey-haired father appeared and accosted her.

"Who are you, my good woman, and what do you want here at such an hour?"
"Oh! my dear father, have you so soon forgotten your once loved daughter, and —"
"Yes," replied the stern old man, "I forgot those who forgot their duty to their parents."
"Oh give me and my poor child the meanest apartment in the house!"

The old man slammed the door ere he heard the last sentence, and left her to reflect in the darkening streets upon her forlorn and wretched situation. Her tears flowed in torrents, and pressing her hungry and shivering child to her bosom, she wandered up a dark ally, where, worn out with fatigue, she sunk down in the snow, while drowsiness gathered thickly over the senses of her child. About ten minutes after, an aged black woman was seen standing over her, weeping bitterly, for she recognized in Lesbia, the child whom she had nursed in other years. After long exertion, she roused the drowsy sufferer, took her child in her arms, and led the way to her mother's house declaring that she should be first, whether she was admitted into her father's house or not. When they arrived, the generous nurse entered the parlor, told the piteous tale of the perishing daughter, and then in tears, plead with father's eloquence, for mercy. The aged mother melted into tears and flew to the kitchen to embrace once more her erring and long lost daughter. So much had suffering altered the appearance of Lesbia, that her mother could scarcely recognize in her, the once beautiful girl. They embraced each other, while tears flowed plentifully, and many a heart felt sigh escaped their bosoms.

"Give me food for my perishing child, oh! my mother," exclaimed Lesbia, forgetting her own hunger, "she has not tasted food since yesterday night."

Food was brought, hunger was appeased, and they were placed in a downy bed, from which Lesbia did not arise till the end of six weeks. — A raging fever seized her, and in her delirium, she talked of her sufferings and wrongs, which she had so long hid from the world. Many tears flowed, even at the feverish recital of her sufferings and sorrows, but from the world.

In the meantime Roland had drunk to such excess, that he had brought on mania a potu, and was suffering all the horrors of hell. When he had done he imagined that devils were grinning in his face, and his ears rung with their execrations. — Demons were continually dragging the bed clothes off him. The common objects in the room were spectres, and every sound his disordered imagination transformed to words of hideous import.

Loathsome vermin were crawling upon him, and he fancied that he was to be put to death with more than Indian tortures. When he fell in a day, horrible visions presented themselves; he fancied himself dead, and found himself in the dark domains of hell. He awoke trembling with agonies to undergo the same when he fell asleep. In the day his path was beset with the most hideous creatures that with wide extended jaws menaced his approach. If the meries of the damned are greater, great must they be inferred.

In this situation the officers of the Almshouse ordered him to be taken. The wretched Roland endured the horrible idea, that he had murdered his wife; and that the officers of mercy who were after him, were the ministers of justice. Their very words of pity, he transformed into execrations and condemnation. He believed that they were about to convey him to prison, and endeavoring with all his strength to escape.

He was taken to the Almshouse, searched and placed in a cell, which he believed to be a dungeon in the Prison-house. Here he suffered all the terrors of the reality, and perhaps more, than the guilty criminal, inasmuch as his fancy was unmastered by the inmates of other cells, he imagined to be criminals, like himself condemned to die, and he believed that three days were all he had to live overlooking entirely the circumstances that he had not been tried. He counted every moment as it passed, and so great was his dread of death, that cold drops of sweat would start from his brow, and his face become livid and pale. Oh, if there is one young man who has just entered the path of dissipation, let him stay for a moment his mad career, and consider the horrid suffering that are in store for him. Let him not think that the awful terrors I have described are but the creations of fancy, they are real, and the discarded man whose eyes fall upon these pages, will confess and recognize the truth of their portraiture. Roland could not be dead, but he was surrounded by demons or devils of the most unearthly appearance that haunted him with the certainty of his approaching fate and threatened him with the tortures he should endure after death, when his unhappy spirit should be doomed to the gloomy abodes of Pluto. At another moment Satan would wind him up in an inextinguishable labyrinth, while the wretched captive was struggling for breath, and struggling to be free. In such horrors as these, Roland passed some of the long winter nights, and endured sufferings too great to be conceived.

It was, as he fancied, on the night before his execution was to take place, that the bleeding spirit of his murdered wife stood before him; one of her eyes hanging from her head, and her skull so much fractured that the brain was oozing from the wound. A wild agony seized him, and he fancied she had come to conduct his spirit down to the abodes of wretchedness and despair. When this frenzy had partly passed from the busy brain of the man, he could hear the sounds of the hammer and axe, used in the building of the gallows on which he was to be hung next day. He could hear the voices of the builders, and the horrid speculations of the by standers, who were quarrelling about the possession of the body after death. His dread of death was now unutterable, and he trembled from head to foot like an aspen. Never, certainly was the reality more terrific.

At length the morning came, and the keeper entered his cell to shave him. Roland immediately perceived that he was the jailer, and that he had come to shave him, preparatory to the execution. This dreadful idea took full possession of his mind, and he trembled to such a degree that he could scarcely be shaved. He now turned that the jailer spoke, and bade him prepare for death, saying that a vast multitude had assembled to witness the awful spectacle. Roland fancied that he could hear the shouts of the multitude, calling on his name with imprecations. The keeper had noticed an extraordinary wildness in his eyes and turned around for a moment to adjust some small matter, when Roland, unseen, seized the razor, and at one stroke cut his throat almost from one ear to the other. The torrent of blood gushed upon the keeper; he turned suddenly around, and beheld Roland falling backwards, his eyes wildly fixed upon vacancy, and his countenance distorted with the convulsions of horror and despair. The keeper fled to the apothecary's room, where luckily, he found the attending physician and one or two students, who immediately repaired to the cell of the bleeding man. The floor was covered with his blood, and he had fainted. Upon examination, it was found that he had cut one of the jugulars, and had just touched the carotid artery. The bleeding and severed vessel was taken up, after some difficulty, as the insensible Roland was placed in a bed where he fluctuated between life and death for some days. At length after much suffering he began to recover, and inquired for Lesbia, whom he supposed he had murdered, and who indeed suffered every thing but death. She was happy, however, ever to hear he was recovering, and with woman's confiding fondness, was ready to trust him once more.

In four or five weeks Roland nearly recovered and was discharged from the Almshouse. Lesbia was sitting in her father's parlor, watching for Roland play on the sofa, when the door opened, and Roland entered. Lesbia sprang from her seat and rushed into his arms, and wept for joy upon his bosom.

"I am Lesbia, my much injured yet forgiving wife, I am a changed, an altered man," exclaimed Roland, after the first embrace. "Never again shall you weep over my follies, or dispute my conduct. You have suffered; in future you shall rejoice."

Every one went for joy as he can be —
"No, I am resolved in future not only to abstain from distilled liquors, but from every thing that contains alcohol, for the weaker liquor invariably leads to stronger."

Roland the next week signed a list of names devoted to temperance, and he has ever since religiously kept his promise. Lesbia and her husband still reside in N. Y.

His business is not as prosperous as it once was though he has simply improved the capital given him a second time by his father-in-law. In total abstinence, he has found that sobriety and happiness to all around him has been the result. Three blooming children are growing up in their mother's arms.

and will inherit an honorable name from their father who once hade fate to go down in infamy to an untimely tomb. Most is that discarded man who believes and adheres to total abstinence.

An interesting woman. She does everything and everything. In the morning she finds out which of the children are the sickest to be the sickest through the day; these she carries with her, for she is a powerful, strong woman; and into a house she goes, seats the children in an obscure corner, and fails to work — nothing comes amiss. If it is washing day, she is up to her elbows in the suds before the lady of the house is up, and nothing but a comfortable will force her out till she has done two women's work, has eaten three hearty meals, and fed the sick children with such little scraps as their feeble health require. She then gathers up the children, and with a basket added to her lap, off she goes to feed those at home, with the assiduous scraps in her basket. When she forces her way into a house she takes no money, contenting herself with receiving broken meat for her pig, and if there is more than enough for the family, she takes it in to Billy Brady, or to one poor dolly or other. But this generous disposition is leaving her, for she is so useful and so cheerful that there are very few families that can do without her. She secures a dinner or a tea party at a great distance, and she gets there in the nick of time to be of service. She makes cream, soap, candles, bread — whitewash, takes out grease and stains, paints rooms, mends broken windows and chairs; cuts better cold slaw as the Dutch call it, finer and quicker than any one, makes sour cream, pickles and preserves; knows how to put up salad and smoke herrings; in short in her rambling she watched the different ways of doing things, and now she sets for herself. You cannot think what a really useful woman Bonny Betty is; it is a pity that the children are so sickly.

PUNISHMENT OF INGRATITUDE. A French writer relates the following remarkable instance of punishment of ingratitude in children: — An eminent reader at Lyons, who had acquired an easy fortune, had two handsome daughters, between whom upon their marriage, he divided all his property, on condition that he should pass the summer with one and the winter with the other. Before the end of the first year, he found sufficient reason to conclude that he was not a very acceptable guest to either; of which, however, he took no notice, but hired a handsome lodging, in which he resided a few weeks. He then applied to a friend and told him the truth of the matter, desiring the gift of two hundred livres, and the loan of fifty thousand in ready money for a few hours; his friend very readily complied with this request, and the next day the old gentleman made a splendid entertainment, to which his daughters and their husbands were invited. Just as the dinner was over, his friend came in a great hurry, told him of an unexpected demand upon him, and desired to know whether he could lend him fifty thousand livres. The old man told him without any emotion, that twice as much was at his service, if he wanted it; and going into the next room brought him the money. After this he was not suffered to stay any longer at lodgings; his daughters were jealous if he remained a day more in one house than the other, and after three or four years spent with them, he died; when, upon examination his cabinet instead of the livres, there was found a note containing these words: —

"He who has suffered by his virtues, has a right to avail himself of the views of those by whom he has been injured; and a father ought to be so fond of his children as to forget what is due to himself."

OBSERVATIONS ON HAPPINESS. — How heartily have I laughed at the absurdity of mankind. Happiness, indeed, where ten seek to obtain her, not one strives to deserve it. Think of this, my friends! think of this. What a world! it is, where we desire so much, and deserve so little! Happiness must needs be had, yet no one knows what it means; one expects to find it on the boundless ocean, another in a bottle of brandy. The sapient sages of antiquity were as great simpletons as ourselves; they, too, must be happy, but the wisest of them differed in opinion; one sought happiness in a tub, another in a tankard. No wonder that you and I were a little puzzled about happiness, when the tongue of the eloquent and the pen of the learned have never yet described it. I have sat up whole nights to read what has been written, and to arrive at a conclusion, but in vain; for what can we gather from the past, when the recorded annals of ages inform us, that the matter has remained in the fire, while the conquerors of the world were found weeping? There are a thousand opinions about happiness — what is it, and what is it? I believe it to be nothing more than a wild dream, or, why should there be so many wild young chaps to obtain it? I have long been of this opinion, and many are the times that I have been among the bushes; frequently have I thought that I heard her; sometimes that I saw her all a mistake, my friends! a mistake. My neighbors, too, wise as myself, used to assist me; one saw her here, and many had heard of her being yonder. Not a word of truth in it, my friends! I assure you. I am too old, for these pranks now, and have other things to attend to. Old Toby has other games in view. The sports of this world will not amuse us, they need to do; but remember, my friends! happiness is certainly a wild goose, and difficult, indeed, to be caught. For four or five years I have followed her through the airy mazes of this two-dimensional world, and even now know not the length of her wings nor the color of a single feather in her tail. — Old Toby's Address to his Friends.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN. Never tell your own affairs to any old gossiping house wife. Let her appear ever so amiable — so sincere, so candid, — be sure to avoid her, and keep your own counsel; for the only reason she has for prying into your secrets — for inserting herself into your confidence, is to learn that some error some deformity exists in your family, on which she may feast in secret delight for a luxurious moment and then share some of the choicest bits with her neighbors. Treasure this up, and set upon it; and it will save you years of mortification, if not of heart-burning and sorrow. — Baltimore Etc.